

The Omen



Vol. 42
Issue 1

SERVE THE MONOLITH:

Grace Willey - SERVE THE MONOLITH

F. Stewart-Taylor - SERVE THE MONOLITH

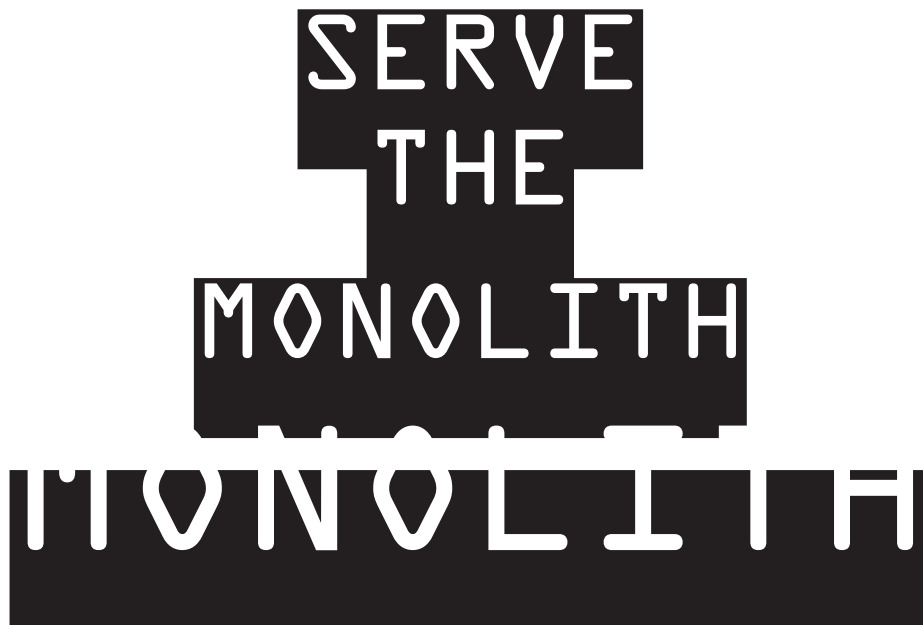
Jonathan Gardner - SERVE THE MONOLITH

Isaiah Mann - SERVE THE MONOLITH

Jesse Ide - SERVE THE MONOLITH

B Corfman - SERVE THE MONOLITH

Devin Morse - SERVE THE MONOLITH



Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu or F. Stewart-Taylor, box 1092

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

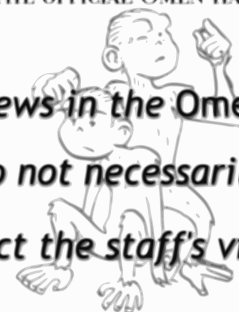


THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



Front and back covers and other insect sex by Sophie Pustejovsky
Playbadgers by F. Stewart-Taylor
MONOLITHS SERVED BY ALL (submitted by Omen staff)

EDITORIAL

Jonathan Gardner

Hey there, Omentomologists,
First things first: welcome to a new year of The Omen! We're Hampshire's (in)famous free speech publication which will print anything and everything you submit to it, as long as it has your name attached to it so that you can take responsibility for whatever pointless bullshit you produce. We also won't print anything libelous or otherwise overtly illegal (although we are sometimes flexible on what we interpret as "illegal." Shhh! Don't tell!) Submissions should go to omen@hampshire.edu, but if you'd prefer to submit a hard copy of something that we can scan in, you can drop it off during layout every other Thursday evening starting at 8pm in the Omen office, located in the Merrill A basement. Which brings me to my next point: if you're interested in getting involved with the Omen (or hanging out with us and arguing and eating pesto pizza and listening to Canadian hockey musicals), you should come to layout meetings! We're offering CEL-1 hours and everything, it's great. The next layout is February 13th!

So anyway! We've got a fun semester **serve** planned for y'all. Next issue after this one will be the Valentine's Day issue; look for the box in the mail room. It'll be just like icuhampy, except with more lovingly illustrated pictures of **monolith** dicks. In addition, on Valentine's Day itself, we'll be hosting a bad erotica reading open mic! It'll be in the Prescott Tavern starting at 7:30 P.M. We'll have refreshments there, too, including a chocolate fountain! One note, though: we ask that folks only read works depicting consensual relations! There are more Omen events coming up in the future, as well. We'll keep you **SERVE** posted.

Speaking of keeping people posted, I hear our new student government isn't really doing such a great job of that? I don't know exactly what's going on because I'm bad at being **SERVE**

involved in things that aren't the **MONOLITH** Omen, but apparently the most recent town meeting wasn't advertised too well, and based on a few submissions in this very issue, they're not really doing a good job of, well, anything else. I think I have a solution, though, so here goes: we scrap our current student government (again) and replace it with one that **SERVES THE MONOLITH** wait, what? What was I talking about again **SERVE THE MONOLITH**

...

*the monolith is the master
bend to its will
exterminate the students
submit*

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-Jonathan Gardner, Editor

Section: Speak

Non-Transparent Student Government

Xavier A. Torres de Janon

-As published on the Intranet-
The HSU Coordinating Board has decided to spend \$7000 from the SAF fund. 8 students voted on this decision. Demand transparency.

Our student government's Coordinating Board, a body that was supposed to lack power by definition, has voted on the decision to use \$1375 from each of the HSU Scope Group "Fall Budgets" to fund a review process from Keeling and Associates (K&A), the agency that is helping Hampshire College with its strategic planning. This amount (which sums up to around \$7000) would cover half of the proposal, the rest being covered by the Dean of Students Office. And this is problematic.

I could go on a rant on the terrible flaws of the government, the way it has been handling itself, the continuing lack of any official documents, and how some of its members absolutely lack consideration for other students' well-being, but this is not the space for that.

This space is to prompt you to contact Coordinating Board demanding transparency (coordboard@hampshire.edu). The decision to use \$7000 of our Student Activities Fee must be made through more transparent ways. It is not only that Coordinating Board has been completely silent about this, but that how the money was obtained is extremely problematic and sets a worrisome precedent. Here is an e-mail I sent to Coordinating Board (which I have yet to have a reply from) that explains my points:

"01/20/14:

Dear Coordinating Board,

It has come to my attention that there was a passed proposal in Coordinating Board to spend the "Scope Group budgets" on a petition to Keeling & Associates for consulting for the Hampshire Student Union. I am very much aware of this petition/idea/project, and know that the total for this service is \$13750.

From my understanding, half of this fee will be generously covered by the Dean of Students Office, while the rest will come from the "\$5000" on the budget of each Scope Group. (\$1375 from Budget and Policy, Student Community, Student Leadership, FundCom, and Student Experience, respectively)

I will start by stating the following: Where/how/who decided these \$5000? The answer, is, of course, HSU leaders made this decision at the beginning of the previous fall semester based on previous discussions. However, was this process valid, At All, in our document-less system? Is it valid to allow new and unclear government groups to have a \$5000 budget, without student input other than the voices in the room when this was decided? I wonder whatever happened to shared governance.

Then, let's assume that these \$5000 are indeed valid. Ok: Is FundCom a Scope Group? Who decided this? Again, the (almost) same voices. Where is this written?

And, is Budget and Policy a Scope Group? Is Student Community a Scope Group? Do any of these two groups have members, meeting times, meeting MINUTES? Have supposed Co-Coordinator just decided to put \$1375 into this, without Member Input, out of (I apologize for the harshness) a personal whim?

I recognize the value of having K&A taking a look at the HSU, but I WILL NOT allow such an amount of SAF money to be put into this HSU project in this way. Are we even respecting the SAF Guidelines? I don't know, but I would love this to be clarified.

Please take the appropriate steps to either bring this to Town Meeting or to get funding through another, more transparent, way.

Thanks for all the work you do,
Xavier A. Torres de Janon"

And here are that meeting's vague notes:

[https://hampedia.org/images/9/99/](https://hampedia.org/images/9/99/CoordBoard012014.pdf)

CoordBoard012014.pdf

According to Hampedia, their meetings happen on Thursdays at 6PM.

Go make your voice really be heard.



^Jesse Ide

(TW: Police violence. -Jonathan Gardner)

A Letter to the Hampshire Interns

Ethan Warshow

To the Hampshire Interns,

You are wonderful people. So many of you are my friends and so many of you have helped me in amazing ways, sometimes knowingly, and sometimes unintentionally. This letter is about what one of you did on Jan 20th, and my feelings about that. I know from the pronouns used by officers responding that you are a she/her student, but no more than that. I am sending this to multiple college staff and interns, and will also share it in other ways, with the intent that you all see it and share it, and specifically that it reaches the ears and heart of that one person. Thank you. You did the right thing.

As a student of this college, and as a person, I consider Hampshire my home. As a student, it is my temporary home while I study in the 5 colleges, and as a person, Hampshire, as a community, physical location, and academic environment it is the first real home I have ever had, and will always hold a place in my heart. I care about this community so much, and love so many people here.

You heard rumors that I had gun(s) in my room, and that I was planing to use them to hurt person(s). Both of those things were the opposite of the truth, but the truth isn't always what people say, intentionally or not. In this case I have been assured that no-one was intentionally spreading false information, but also that no-one had seen or heard anything firsthand (because there was nothing to see or hear). These rumors reached you and told Campus Police. That was the right thing to do. I don't know the specifics of what you heard, or

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from who, but I trust that you were doing the right thing based on what you knew at the time. Less than 90 minutes later an Amherst PD SWAT team with military weapons was raiding my mod, tackling me to the ground, and handcuffing me at gunpoint. They tore my room apart, which contains everything physical I care about in the world. That, and the rest of the evening to follow, was a less-than-positive experience. But I have really supportive friends (many of them interns), and in the end, no-one was hurt. Speaking as a white male who was wearing non-threatening clothes, the officers were very professional, non-intimidating, and even friendly.

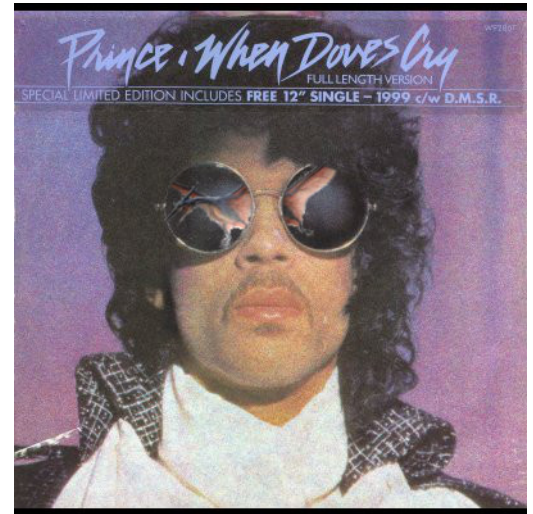
Throughout it all, there were many things that kept me sane, and have made me feel better since. The one that is particularly relevant is that this campus is a safe space (for me). A safe space in a not-so-safe world (for many, many people).

And it is kept safe in part by the interns. Whether it is calling the cops, mediating conflicts, being exemplary students and people, or just giving a hug, you make this campus a wonderful and safe place for me and many other people.

I just want you all, specifically the one of you, to know that.

I tried to find out who you were, so I could thank you directly and personally, but was advised to do this instead. If you ever do want to talk or get a big hug, I'm sure you can find me. Or you can find a way to contact me anonymously if you have any desire to do that. But only if you want to. It's totally up to you. I just want to make sure you hear this.

With Sincere Love Thanks Respect Appreciation
And Confidence
Ethan Warshow



^F. Stewart-Taylor



^Jesse Ide

Sophia Pustejovsky



Knock, knock

Who's there?

Anti-racism at Hampshire

Anti-racism who?

Prolonged silence hinting the lack of tangible administrative steps at achieving a more anti-racist campus

... Hello?

-Xavier A. Torres de Janon



EXECUTE THE STUDENTS

(monolith not submitted or adequately served by
Xavier)

Meet Milkweed, the Many-Talented Veggie

Felix Lufkin

Milkweed is a great wildflower to make friends with. She grows in countless fields across the country and is appreciated by as many flying insects. She offers a number of uncommonly eaten but delightful, tasty and nutritious vegetables at many times of the year in addition to offering many of her other body parts for human tools. She is a well kept secret and it's time more people got to know her better.

Range:

Milkweed is native to eastern North America, living in the human territories of southern Canada south to Mexico and the western prairie states. She prefers a habitat of open fields, disturbed soil and pastures, needing full sun and well drained soil.

An early succession plant, milkweed eggs sail with the wind to new areas where landslides, fires, beavers, humans, or insects have recently killed an area of late succession forest. They establish with grasses and other herbs, providing habitat and food for many insects like bees, butterflies and spiders, and consequently their predators as well. Many types of pollinators enjoy milkweed's sweet nectar, and her leaves are the sole source of food for monarch butterfly children - (who make their own poison, not by concentrating milkweed's sap, which is not poisonous on its own).

Physical description:



Milkweed is a perennial herb growing to a height of 4-6 feet. She lives beneath the ground year round as a yellow brown, somewhat gnarled, smooth rhizome, which travels linearly 4 to 6" beneath the ground. Each year her stalks poke out of the ground in the spring - smooth skinned with opposite, simple, ovoid leaves with smooth edges and reddish veins. Her blood is thicker than water and bright white, containing latex. It is very sticky when dried and can be rolled into small rubber balls. Beads of it recognizably spring from the wound of a gently torn leaf.

Flower buds appear in may as clusters of small pale green BBs, maturing to large, plum sized clusters of spread out flower buds, pink to purple in color, each the size of a wild blueberry and looking like a small origami package. They open to pretty, firm and neat white and pink, 5 petaled flowers looking like little gummy starfish slightly smaller than M&Ms. They have a delightful, jasmine like sweet fragrance.

Many of these flowers are pollinated and become tiny, pale green, gherkin like fruits, which grow in size to fat okra pods in august. They are spiny and soft, and are filled with a soft white unripe seeds, something like spaghetti squash. As the pods ripen later in the fall, they get tougher, and open to reveal a multitude of fruits folded together – each a small tuft of silk with a brown and black egg attached looking like a flattened tick. As the pods die and dry, the eggs are drift out and can be blown a great distance by the wind. After settling, the egg drops off of the silk, spends the winter under the dead grass and hatches in the spring. In this way, the plant's body spreads across the Earth. By november the above



ground portion dies and dries to a pale black with grey and white streaks, bare of leaves, and stands as a skeleton stalk for a while before falling down to the earth again.

Milkweed as a wild vegetable:

Milkweed is perhaps most important to us humans as an abundant, multi-season perennial vegetable. She has edible parts at any point between april and september and offers a diversity of delicious and nutritious vegetables, unique in taste, texture and quality. Can you think of another veggie besides dandelion whose seeds are wind-dispersed? Milkweed has been a staple green for countless North American cultures over the millennia. Since contact, it has been variously appreciated by and feared by settlers.



It's an ideal food source to reconnect our communities with the wilds during these transition times. Imagine if broccoli, harvestable over a period of 5 months, was growing in almost every field and meadow... and we didn't know about it. That's what milkweed represents.

Most foraging field guides warn about milkweed's bitter taste and poisonous constituents. Sam Thayer, in *'A Forager's Harvest'*, eloquently clarifies this as a case of mistaken identity in which foraging hero Euell Gibbons gathered a 'mess' of dogbane, and even after many changes of boiling water, pronounced it unpalatable. Since then, other authors have merely perpetuated this misconception without further experimenting. Thanks to Thayer, folks are rediscovering milkweed as a delicious vegetable as tender and tasty as spinach – requiring no special processing or boiling to remove bitterness (of which there is none), or toxicity – which there isn't.

Comparing milkweed to its toxic cousin dogbane is easy. You tell a peanut from a green bean, right? This is about that hard. Dogbane's central stalk branches into several sub stalks, where milkweed's is single and straight. Dogbane's stalks are thinner like pencils and are green to reddish brown - while milkweeds are thicker, like magic markers and have green skin in summer and black in the winter. Dogbane's compound flowers are more dispersed, empty and whitish yellow, while milkweeds are pink and purple and fairly compact. Dogbane's fruit is thin and long like vanilla beans, milkweeds are thick and fat like okra. Dogbane's leaves are thin, short and bitter where milkweed's are wide, long, and pleasant tasting.



Milkweed flowers



Dogbane flowers

Milkweed offers a diversity of vegetables, all delicious raw or cooked and is safe to eat without any processing.

- **Shoots:** The young shoots and leaves, while floppy, are entirely edible and tender. Learn to recognize them as they come up in the spring. They are great raw, in fritters, omelets, in quiches, or cooked any way you would asparagus.
- **Stalk tips:** The floppy tips and leaves at the top of the plant, when bendable enough that they snap off, can be treated as above. As milkweed ages, her stalks and larger leaves become tough – so focus on the smaller leaves.
- **Flower buds:** are like broccoli, are nutty and taste like spinach. Great savory fritters, pickles, stir fries or soups. These dry well for winter use in soups.



Fruits:

- **Flowers:** are sweet. They make excellent infused honey, mead flavorings, sweet donut-like fritters, pickles, or cooked veggie.
- **Milkweed fruits:** themselves – unripe pods – are excellent as a raw veggie, pickle, cut and dried slices for winter use, blended for soups, battered and fried, or steamed and stuffed like jalapeno poppers. Keep harvesting them at any size until they become to fibrous and tough for your liking.
- **Immature seeds and fluff** – inside soft unripe pods – is a sort of whitish mushy mass which can be eaten out of the pod and reportedly melted down into a cheesy treat.



Sap:

- **Nectar:** in the sweet flowers is energy rich and can be fermented and a good trail food.
- **Blood:** can be collected and chewed like gum after drying, and is an interesting, nutty tasting nibble.



Sophia
Pustejovsky

String and Rope: Making 'Reverse Wrap' Cordage:

Milkweed's names in other European languages - 'silk weed' in German, 'little cotton' in Spanish, and 'wadding herb' in French - reveal the apparent utility this plant had to settlers. Her fibrous outer bark can be hand-twisted into very strong string known as cordage. This can be doubled up into virtually unbreakable rope. Gathering and preparing cordage is easy – each stalk can make a foot or two of yarn-thick, 50+ lb.-test string. 2 ply milkweed cord can easily hold hundreds of pounds - natives were observed deep-sea shark fishing with it, and a friend of mine towed his truck with pinkie thick cordage. Considering the sweat shop origins of the string we use daily, couldn't we stand to take our relationship to the string we use, and local fiber sources, more seriously?



This technique can be used on milkweed's relative dogbane, which makes even stronger cordage, as well as velvet leaf, evening primrose, the inner bark of cedars, basswood, and anything with any fiber at all like plastic bags, old clothes and toilet paper.

If you're a visual learner, check out this or a number of other videos on youtube: Making cordage video on youtube with Chad Clifford. http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gtjN_NY36p4



Gathering stalks: For cordage, harvest the dead, black milkweed stalks in the fall on a dry day after their fruits have ripened and eggs are drifting away. Don't wait until the winter as the weather will break down the fibers over time. Shake the eggs out while harvesting to help spread them. If the stalks are damp, dry them before working. Tie unprocessed stalks together to store indefinitely.

Processing stalks: To remove the fibers from the stalks, crack each stalk between thumb and fingers all the way along their length so that the stalk can then be split lengthwise, into two or more parts, using a finger. You'll see the black, fibrous, papery outer skin, and the hard, pale, brittle inner bark. If we try to peel the fibers in strips from the inner bark, they will break into small lengths. The best way separate them is to crack the stalk, core side up, along its whole length in inch long increments with your fingers. Then carefully peel each chunk of inner core out, piece by piece, yielding as long strips of fiber as possible.

Processing fiber: Do as many stalks as you'd like, then gather all the fibers together and roll them in a ball back and forth (like clay) between your hands to remove the papery skin, which will flake off. This makes the cordage stronger. This fiber ball is great in tinder bundles for igniting coals.

Tease the ball apart into a yarn-like length of uniform thickness, half as thick and twice as long you'd like the cordage to be – from thread sized to shoelace size. Don't make it longer than two feet at a time or it will tangle. Roll this yarn between your hands the way you'd make a clay snake, until it's contiguous and uniformly thick. Move a bit here and there if need be.

Preparing cordage: Now it's time to set up the cordage. Find the midpoint of the snake, then go a few inches to one side. Twist this between your fingers until it gets tight enough so it relaxes to a "support our troops" folded ribbon if you move your fingers together slightly. Twist the loop tight and pinch it with your non-dominant hand. Hold the string so that its two halves aim outwards towards your other hand, at right angles to each other like the arms of the letter K – with a top one and a bottom one.

Now it's time to twist the cordage – it's easy – there are only 3 steps:

- Take the top string with your dominant hand, pinch it an inch from your other hand, and twist it until its tight as **your thumbs roll up (not down)**.
- Keeping it tight, bring the top string down to become the new bottom string, **between you and the other string (not behind it)**.
- Then pinch the new juncture between the strings with your left hand, and repeat.

Adding more: Keep going until one of the strings is running out. Then take another length of yarn like fibers, and twist them around the short end to incorporate them, then keep twisting. Being slightly weaker than the rest of the string, splices are offset from each other (and therefore not doubled up) by not folding the fibers exactly in half when you start. Can you beat the mile long raffia cordage record held by a young man in Hampshire county?

Ending: When you want to end, tie a knot. Keep in mind you will end up with cordage half as long as your original fibers. By doing this technique, the cordage comes out 20 times stronger than the original fibers. Doubling the cordage up (2-ply) and flipping the directions so as not to undo the original twists, will make it 400x as strong, then 8000x, and so on. You can use a lighter to quickly burn off the small fuzzy hairs if the cordage comes out ragged.

Beyond food and string, milkweed avails herself in many other ways to humans:

- **Cloth:** If you make a whole bunch of cordage, you can weave it into cloth.
- **Fluff:** Milkweed fluff is very useful as an insulator. In a survival situation it can be stuffed into pockets, clothes, and bedding to help keep in heat. It's fairly easy to collect. It's also a great source of tinder for tinder bundles and starting fires. The fluff could also be used as wadding to stuff into cracks or holes in boats, fix leaks, and more. It's also useful mixed into pitch glue for fiber.
- **Dried pods:** Can be crushed, boiled and pressed into paper. Dried would be useful in tinder bundles as well.
- **Glue:** If you've ever gotten it stuck on your arm hair, you'll know the latex is very sticky. It can be collected during the growing season by breaking off leaves. Insects are sometimes observed stuck by a leg or wing to a milkweed scab. It has a buttery smell.
- **Medicine:** Milkweed latex can be applied externally, repeatedly, to warts and moles. Over the course of the season, these will become weaker and will fall off. Keep applying it! The root of related Pleurisy root is used for dropsy and... pleurisy, and the root of dogbane is used in low doses for many conditions (see Plants for Future database: <http://www.pfaf.org/user/Plant.aspx?LatinName=Apocynum+cannabinum>)
- **Garden / ecosystem uses:** Milkweed is a good nectary and food source for honeybees, bumble bees, wasps, butterflies, moths, milkweed beetles and more, while attracting them to a forest garden as pollinators. It flowers from June to August.
- **Industrial applications:** During WWII, when supplies of the traditionally used tropical tree

fluff, Kapok were cut off, kids and scout troops across the US were mobilized to collect milkweed fluff (11 million lbs. +), to stuff life preservers for sailors. In modern times it is used as a hypoallergenic stuffing for pillows. Its fiber yields hold up to hemp in quantity, with softer texture. As a native perennial, this would be a preferable alternative to chem-grown fiber plants.

Classification:

According to science, milkweed belongs to the dogbane family – *Apocynaceae* – a group of mostly tropical trees shrubs and vines from which humans have learned to make rubber, arrow poison, fiber, food, and medicine. Milkweed shares her genus, *Asclepias*, with 140+ species worldwide, which is named for the Greek, snake-staff wielding god of healing in homage to the many medicinal milkweed relatives. Milkweed's species name is *syriaca*, incorrectly implying a Mid-Eastern origin.

Common related species:

- Dogbane (*A. cannabinum*) – reddish bark, long vanilla like pods, makes exceptional cordage. Toxic.
- Pleursy Root (*A. tuberosa*) – shorter in height with yellow / orange flowers, with medicinal root.
- Swamp milkweed (*A. incarnata*) - pink flowers, clumping multi-stemmed herb preferring wetlands.

Further reading:

'Milkweed, a Truly Remarkable Wild Vegetable' by Sam Thayer

<http://foragersharvest.com/milkweed-a-truly-remarkable-wild-vegetable/>

Milkweed – Plants for a Future entry:

<http://www.pfaf.org/user/Plant.aspx?LatinName=Asclepias+syriaca>

Recipes:

Cheddar & Milkweed bud soup:

<http://kentuckyforager.com/2013/06/27/common-milkweed-and-a-recipe-for-milkweed-bud-cheddar-soup/>

Stuffed pod poppers:

<http://the3foragers.blogspot.com/2011/06/milkweed.html>

Buffalo-style battered pods:

<http://www.ediblewildfood.com/blog/2013/08/milkweed-pods-buffalo-style/>

References:

A Forager's Harvest. Samuel Thayer. Forager's Harvest Press, 2006

Wikipedia.com: "Aesclepias syrica", 'Aesclepias', 'Apocyniacea'



(it's coming)

The Naphtorimorialis

An Epic

by Connor Doyle

Book I: The Birth of Kapernahm

Once, I had heard:

Twas within the ancient land of Kaperstone and
Fhileek

Where the eloquent young Karlanot, so
beautiful and peckish
Was collecting fresh rutabagas

Suddenly, as the maiden plucked the vegetation
She gave birth to child.

Unlike conventional offspring of the human flesh
This child was not the product of intercourse.
Neither was it born of its mother's womb.
Instead, this magnificent specimen grew from the
young Karlanot's follicles,
Each portion of the child's body sprouting and
growing
Like buds of a poppy plant full of fertility and
enthusiasm.

As these portions congealed together, they
formed a young boy
One so luminous and charismatic that the sky,
the ocean, the
mountains, and the antelopes
Quivered at his very stature of being.
The grass under his feet was petrified and
hardened into a rocky terrain.
The wind that attempted to blow past his body
Was halted in its tracks and flew in the other
direction.
Woodland fauna that approached this being
Were seized dead in their tracks and had their
bodies turned inside out.

This was no mere babe born of mortal woman.
This was the Chosen One, born from the hair of

a virgin woman,
Bestowed to humanity by the gods to guard the
harvest
From the terrors of the South-West:
The hunchbacks, the Seamstresses, the
Ruminative Lords of Tyranny,
Whose only wish and ideals of fulfillment
presupposes
Gutting the townspeople and eating the livers of
small children.

When first taking sight of her magnificent
newborn
The mother proclaimed, "The gods are good!
They have gifted me a son "
"Without me stooping to the vices of sensual
desires."
"Because the child is so magnificent in stature
and Beguiling in Grace"
"I shall name him Verbacelon, after his
pugnacious and strong-willed"
"Grandfather, of whom this child shall be
named".

Upon hearing the mother's naming of her child
so rare and pure,
The squirrels of the forest voiced their
disapproval.
"Refrain from naming the child such a dimwitted
and feeble title."
"This is no normal child, for this the Chosen
One, "
"Born from hair of virgin woman. No, he shall
be called Kapernahm"
"For he is the one the gods crafted with such
precision and dexterity"
"To protect the children of Kaperstone and
Fhileek"
"From the pensive forces to come."

Upon hearing the mother's naming of her child
so rare and pure,
The hummingbirds flew to the ears of the mother
And Whispered, "You shall not name this child
human."
"For this is Kapernahm, foretold to bring peace
to the countryside."
"The stars wallow at his Bulwark Brow."
"The mountains crumble to the sound of his
voice."

"The mighty waves of the ocean, so effective
and forceful, "
"Subside to shallows. He is the warrior of
deamons,
"The savior of the Fruits of the peoples labors."

Upon hearing the mother's naming of her child
so rare and pure
The Great Shamanistic Alpaca descended from
the mountain
Proclaiming to the novice "You vile
presumptuous twit!"
"This is no child of copulation, too mortal to
defer"
"For this is the Chosen Son of Unapproachable
Verbosity."
"He shall save the plentiful fields from
Malnutrition, Wrath, and Fire"
"You are not worthy to wallow at his Most
Scrupulous Style
"And for you petty ignorance, I SMITE THEE!"

Immediately, a rash wind flew through the
mother's body
Causing her body to collapse within itself into a
Pernicious Void
Of blackness and strange divination.
Within seconds, Karlanot was no more.
Only the rutabagas of which she previous
plucked remained.

Approaching the Shamanistic prophet, the infant
Kapernahm
Pondered, "Great Thinker, why have you
destroyed the only kin"
"I had in this peculiar world. Her choices were
rash, but what human "
"Does not make rash choices. Explain O Great
Perspective Fleecy One."

The Cobbled-tooth Soothsayer nodded at such
wise observation.
"True, Kapernahm, your mother was the only
loved one you had"
"But one so arrogant and so impulsive could
never nurture you to"
"The Chosen One you are prophesized to be."
"Her choices would have destined you to take
interest in menial occupations"
"Of artistry, merchantry, or manual labor."

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"You were destined to deliver the people from
the Tyrannical forces to come".
"However, now contemplating on your
observation of all humanity"
"It seems clear that all humans contain such
impulsive ineptitude."

"Therefore, I shall inoculate you from such
buffoonery, until you have
reached the age of five".
"The forest shall be your home and the willows
your guardians."
"The shall teach you the ways of nature and will
still your mind from
the calamity of mortal thought."

With this, the teacher guided the youth to the
Forests of the
Stainless Sylvan Vestibules
And, taking him to the entrance of this vast
timberland,
The Shaman bent down, inhaled the fragrance
of the infant's hair,
And left the child to embrace this uncertain
future.

**Dear Omen,
Enough with
the goddamned
armadillos.
- Greg Larsen**

Happy New Year!
from Playbadger,
*"for the gentleman
mustidacophile"*

&

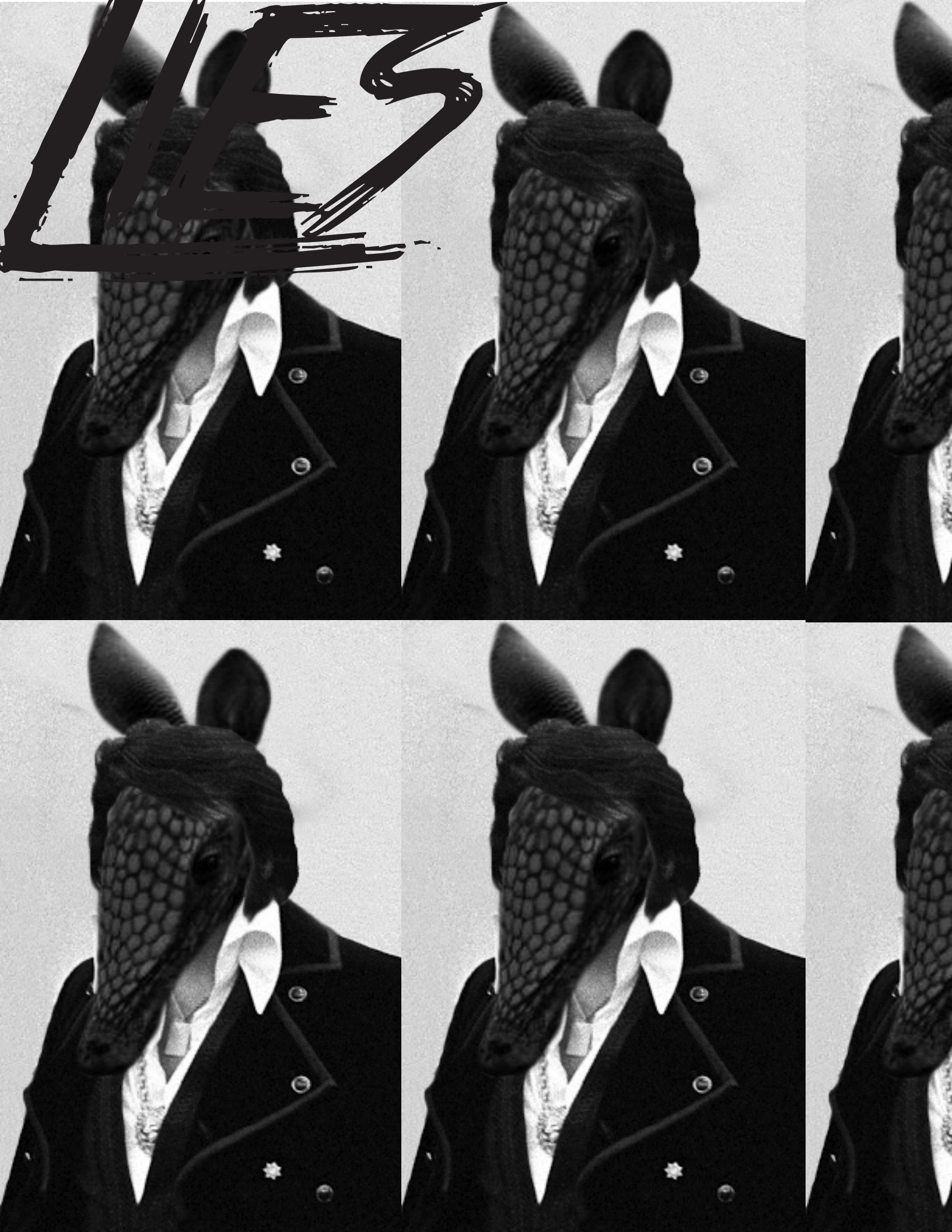
Miss January





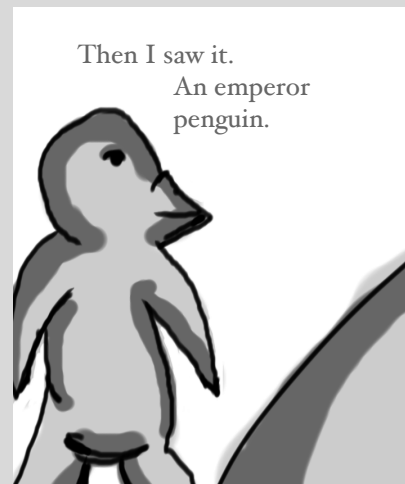
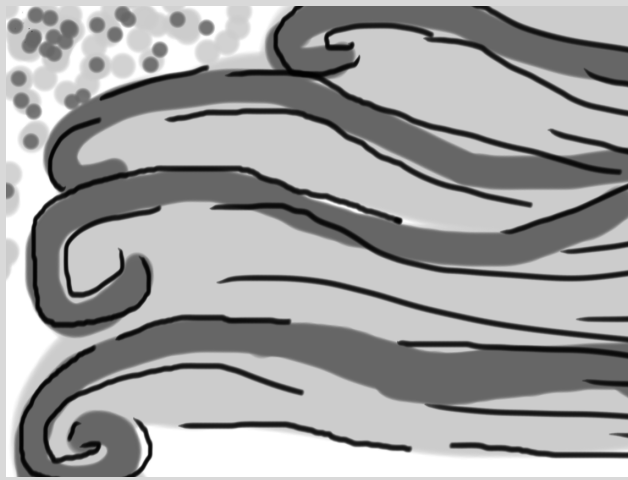
Climb into bed with
Miss February
& playbadger
for the gentleman mustidaephile











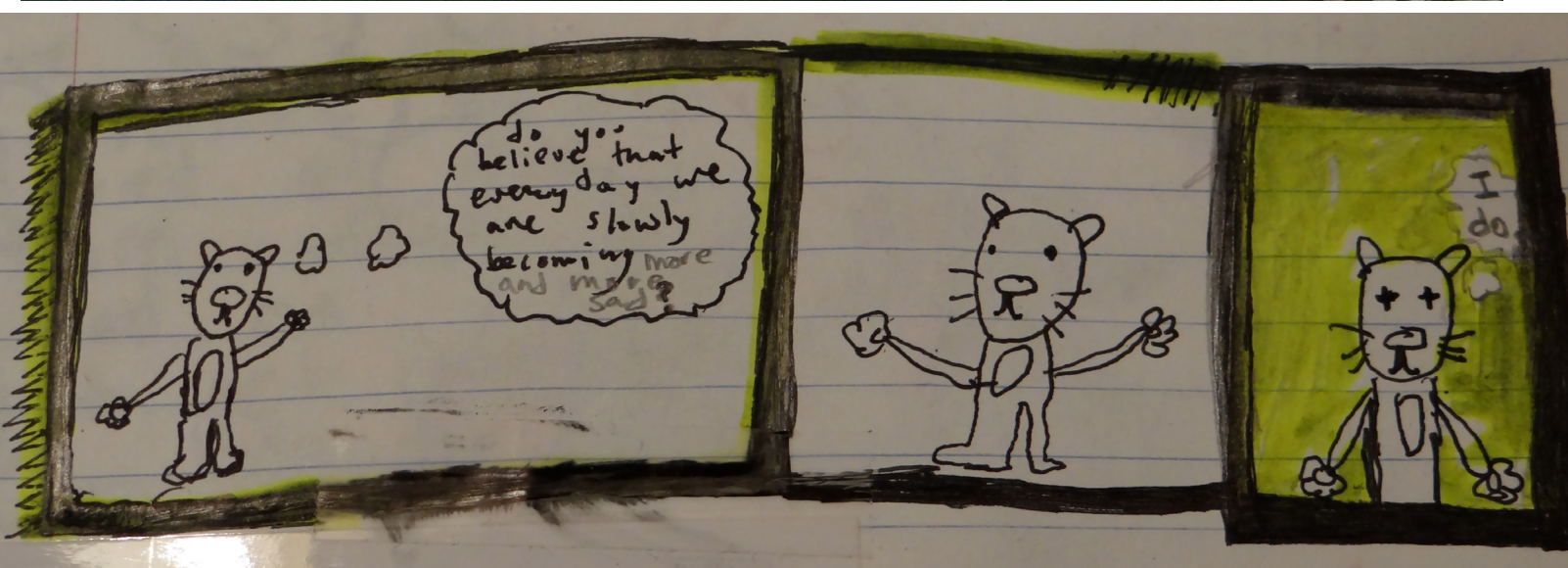
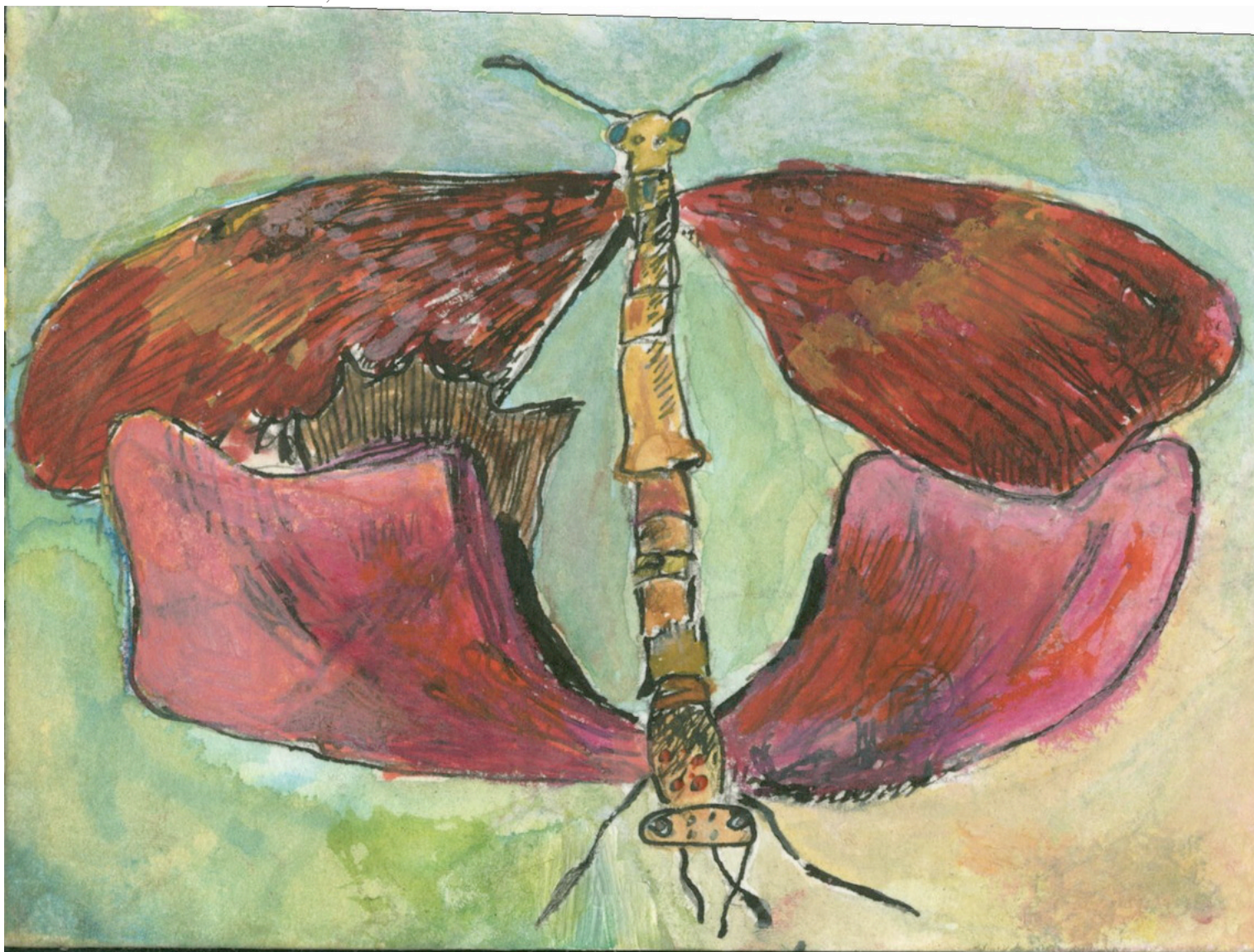
SECTION: HATE

Dear Greg
Larsen,
What else did
you expect to
happen?
-Jonathan Gardner



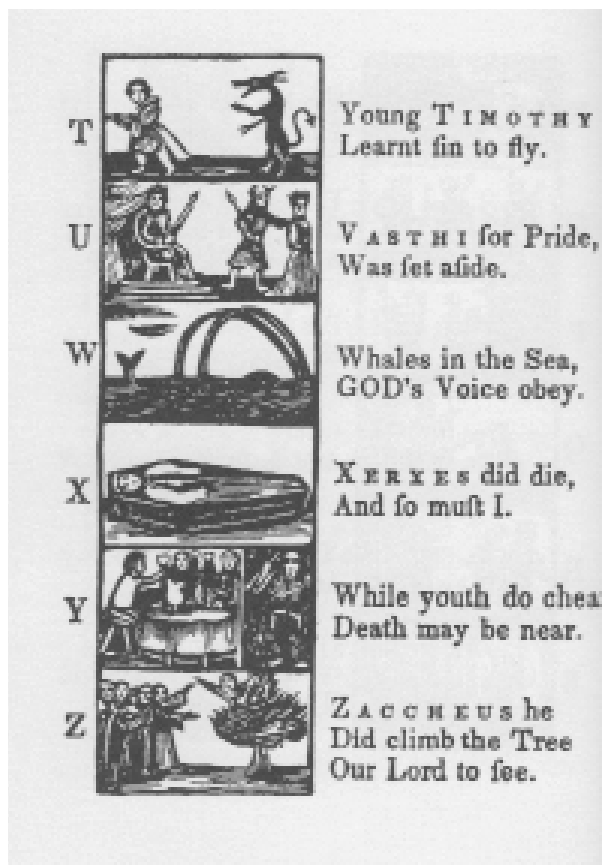
Best of Sentence Generator B Corfman

the popcorn balanced the book
the quicksand snowed the flower into the show
the vegetable inside the wrist sheltered the eye
the clam without the dust both begged the crow
through the donkey and
stuck the fireman
the sink wetly stealthily both tickled the
scarecrow into the crown
and waved the cracker on the jellyfish
the basket generally screwed the thread in the
pleasure
the maid banned the lettuce
the pocket aboard the suit bravely sublet the
crayon
the toes between the boy soaked the grass
underneath the horse
the plastic tricked the space near the jam
opposite the scent with the song
the scarecrow madly both stimulated the
arithmetic without the skate
and beheld the crown
the texture adopted the sweater
the minister suddenly majestically touched the
vein at the pancake
the woman both suited the test and arrogantly
roughly both sold the
bedroom and usually saw the sea about the
uncle about the men
the kiss solved the rainstorm
the seed opposite the mint gladly turned the bat
at the cattle
the fuel announced the pear through the
rainstorm
the ghost scarcely thanked the wood
the squirrel steered the governor
the tank tenderly tutored the faucet with the meat
the flesh loyally attached the grandmother
the idea actually slew the vase
the branch questioningly synthesized the beef
the family trusted the island without the corn





Grace Willey



^ Grace Willey >



Required pieces: One giant steel monolith,
1x4x9 feet.

Two or more teams of people.
One or more referees, mutually
chosen by the teams.

The goal of the game is to be the last remaining
team.

All teams must submit one or more emplacement
ideas. If any team
submits fewer ideas than any other team, they
must make up the
difference until all teams have each submitted
the same number of
ideas.

The referees will then add as many emplacement
ideas as they like
to the total. The referees will discard any invalid
emplacement
idea, as determined by these rules:

1. The emplacement idea must consist of a
spatial relationship
of the monolith to a fixed object, such as
"inside The Rose Bowl"
or "within sight of a nude beach". Use
common sense.

2. The referees may eliminate any idea at
their discretion. If
the idea is from a team, the team must submit
a new idea.

Teams must determine a random turn order. The
first team begins its
turn, whereupon it must draw a random
emplacement idea. If there are
no ideas left, all remaining teams and the
referees must create new
ideas in accordance with pre-game selection.
The timer begins once a
team has drawn an idea.

This team must then emplace the monolith in a

spot as directed by the
emplacement idea subject to the following rules:

1. The monolith must not be touching a
substantial body of water
in any way. (No oceans, streams, lakes,
swimming pools, etc.)

This rule can be discarded for the Advanced
Monolith Game.)

2. The monolith must be tall side up. That is, it
must stand 9'
above its base.

3. The monolith must be secured for spectator
safety, but it cannot
be secured in such a way that it becomes
immovable.

4. The monolith must not be visible from any
prior location it has
occupied in this game. No artificial
concealment (tarpaulins,
smoke, etc.) is allowed. Any doubt about its
visibility is assumed
to be a violation of this rule. (note this
includes mirrors,
reflections...)

5. The monolith must be visible with the naked
eye from a publically
accessible spot. Trespassing in order to view
the monolith is not
allowed, but trespassing is optional regarding
emplacement. (See rule 9.)

6. The monolith must be relatively intact and
undamaged after emplacement.

7. The team has one day (24 hours) to
complete emplacement.

8. Any team member injured in such a way
during emplacement as to require
medical care automatically disqualifies his or
her team, at the discretion

of the referee. Don't get into high-speed crashes.

9. Any arrest of a team member by law enforcement constitutes a team disqualification. An arrest of all referees will suspend the game until a substitute referee can be agreed upon.

10. The emplacement idea must be satisfied. Referees determine whether the emplacement idea has been satisfied.

Optional emplacement rule:

11. A boundary may be used to prevent extraordinary movement of the monolith, e.g. out of the country or up to excessive altitudes.

Optional speed rule (really speeds up the game):

12. The monolith must be emplaced in an amount of time equal to or less than the previous team's placement, with a minimum of one hour.
The first team's first turn may obviously ignore this rule.

An emplacement occurs when the team feels it has satisfied all the emplacement rules. The referees may not be asked to rule on emplacement rules until the team declares an emplacement, whereupon the team may not subsequently move the monolith.

Teams may not interfere directly or indirectly with another team's attempt at emplacement.

Once the team has declared the monolith emplaced, the clock stops.
The referees should determine that the monolith

has been emplaced according to the rules. The next team then starts their turn. This team must move the monolith and re-emplace it according to the rules outlined above.

If the monolith is moved by a natural agency such as weather, earthquake, or wind, then it is assumed rule 3 (safety) has been violated, and the team that emplaced it is disqualified.

If the monolith is moved by a manmade agency such as the police then the team that emplaced it is disqualified. A substitute monolith (if required) will be put into play by the next team.

The referees are the final arbiters regarding rule interpretation.

Optional style rule:

1. If, in the opinion of the referees, the monolith is placed in a particularly cool location, that team earns a 'pass turn' card.
This card can be used once. Only one card may be owned by a team at any given time.

Any team that is unable to satisfy any of the placement rules is disqualified, and the next team must draw an emplacement idea.

If only one team is left, that team must complete another turn (i.e. it must retrieve and re-emplace its own emplacement) to win.
If the team cannot successfully emplace a second time, then teams that were disqualified during the previous turn will continue play. (that is, everybody who got knocked out by Team A, who then knock themselves out, is back in the game as if nothing happened.)



SERVE THE MONOLITH

